The Liberalist

VOLUME XXXIII JANUARY, 1957 Number 10

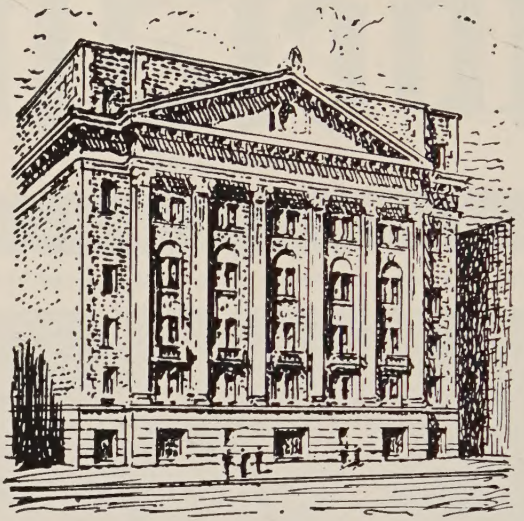
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

A NEW YEAR

Here's a clean year,
A white year.
Reach your hand and take it.
You are
The builder,
And no one else can make it.
(From "1000 Quotable Poems" — Clark)

See what it is
That waits here,
Whole and new;
It's not a year only,
But a world
For you!

Mary Carolyn Davies



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"
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Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

JANUARY BOOK LECTURES

By Dr. Bradley

Peoples Church Auditorium—Wednesday, January 9, 1957—8:00 p.m.
"The Nun's Story"—by Kathryn Hulme

* * *

Chicago Public Library—Thursday noons, 12:15
January 10—"The Mind Goes Forth"—Harry and Bonaro Overstreet
January 17—"Love or Perish"—Dr. Smiley Blanton
January 24—"The Dead Sea Scrolls"—Millar Burrows
January 31—"How to Live 365 Days a Year"—John A. Schindler, M.D.

* * *

"AFRICAN SAFARI"

By Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Frederick

Colored movies recording adventures in Africa of the Fredericks during their several trips to that continent.

Sunday, January 20, 1957—8:00 p.m.

Peoples Church Auditorium — 941 Lawrence Ave. — No admission charge

* * *

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MONDAY, APRIL 1ST, 1957

ANNUAL PEOPLES CHURCH DINNER

Observing

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GRAND BALLROOM - CONRAD HILTON HOTEL

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

BEGINNING with the January issue each year there are always many new subscribers. Many people subscribe in December as a Christmas gift to friends in various parts of the world. While we usually send them the December number, the subscription really begins with the January issue. This year there were many new subscriptions and I want my first word in *Along the Way* of this new month of the new year to be one of welcome to all of our new subscribers and readers.

Those of us who have the responsibility of preparing our magazine each month will try and bring you many interesting numbers during the year. We are always glad to hear from our readers. Only this week we had a letter from Italy in which the writer said he saw one of my books in the window of a book store there. He purchased it and wrote me appreciatively of the help it was to him. His letter you will read in the Mail Bag of this issue. We never know the extent of the written word. Every time you call the attention of a friend to the magazine you increase the area of our church's work and influence. So we give all of our new readers a most hearty welcome and hope that you will find inspiration, encouragement and stimulation in our little magazine as it comes to you each month during 1957.

* * *

June and I wish it were possible for us to acknowledge personally all of the many beautiful Christmas and New Year's cards which have been sent to us. As fast as they arrived we read them and then kept them under the Christmas tree—a mound of love, affection and good will. We never disturb our Christmas tree or the Christmas decorations in the home until Twelfth Night which this year is on the 6th of January and will be past before you are reading these words. When we have read and admired all of the cards and letters they are turned over to a hospital where they are made into a wide variety of beautiful things. Many of them go to Crippled Children's Hospitals, where they amuse and delight the children. In my hospital visitations I have seen many beautiful posters made out of the Christmas cards which have been cut and trimmed until the result is artistic and appealing to the eye.

One of the most beautiful of the customs associated with the Christmas season it seems to me is the sending of Christmas cards. Receiving a card from someone who has moved a long ways away or who has been out of your life for perhaps years is a thrilling moment. The spirit of Christmas seems to revive old friendships. How often do you hear the remark, "I received a Christmas card from them and I hadn't heard from them in years!"

I thought last year that the designers of Christmas cards had reached the climax of their artistic creativeness. From the beauty of last year's cards I couldn't conceive what they would produce next, but this year I think excels any previous year in my lifetime. I have never seen more beautiful cards, more exquisite designs, or a more artistic presentation of the Christmas theme than we received this year. But the value of a Christmas card, like everything else in life is not to be measured

by its cost in money. Whether it is a large, expensive card, with a facsimile of some great masterpiece of art, or a humble little home-made Christmas card, the value of the card is to be determined by the sentiment which it carries. And so, we loved them all—the expensive and the inexpensive—for they all conveyed to our hearts the esteem and the affection of the people who sent them.

* * *

It has been a custom of mine for years, on the Saturday afternoon preceding Christmas Day, to visit the loop. This is not done because I have delayed what Christmas shopping I do until then, because as a rule no purchase is made whatever. The Saturday before Christmas is usually the last shopping day before Christmas. This year there was one more, on Monday, but I chose Saturday afternoon for my annual stroll. I usually walk up and down State Street from Van Buren to Randolph and then down on the other side. I take this walk, not to view the beautiful Christmas windows, with their superb and attractive decorations, for it is almost impossible to see the windows because of the crowds. We usually go down to look at the Christmas windows on a Sunday afternoon. The reason I go on this stroll is to see people and to mingle with the crowd of Christmas shoppers. It has always thrilled me to see a father and mother and little children doing their Christmas shopping.

I saw one sight this year which grieved me deeply. A mother and three children went into a certain State Street store and I followed them. The children seemed particularly bright and effervescent, but the mother was indicating impatience and weariness. I don't know how long they had been shopping, but inside this particular store the oldest of the three, a little girl, wandered away from her mother. Her mother missed her and finally rushed over and grabbed her by the arm, and I thought by the jerk she gave it she would pull the shoulder out of joint. She threatened the little girl by saying that she would get no presents for Christmas now, and then the little child broke out in tears and I heard her say, "Oh, Mother, I am sorry I came." It seems an inexpressible tragedy for a little child to be sorry at Christmas. She was sorry that what should have been a happy time turned into one of heartache for her. Grief and sorrow are always tragic things, but they seem doubly so at the holiday season. If there is one time of the year when all of us should attempt to be our highest and best selves, thoughtful and considerate and kind to everyone, it is at the holiday season. That little girl's heartache and sorrow lingered with me the rest of the afternoon.

Strolling with the Christmas shopping crowd teaches one many things. The faces of the people reflect their moods and indicate much of their basic character. I found not one but many sermons on my walk that Saturday afternoon before Christmas. You remember, Charles Dickens was one time asked by a friend how he found so much material for his interesting novels, and inasmuch as he wrote so many of them, wasn't there a danger that he might run out of material. The classic reply of Charles Dickens was: "There is enough life in one London city block to keep me writing another lifetime if I had that lifetime to live."

* * *

One of the most unusual and interesting experiences which I had during the holiday season was on the afternoon in which I was doing some shopping. I had occasion to visit Von Lengerke & Antoine's attractive store

on Wabash Avenue. I made a purchase and when the receipt came back with my change from the cashier, written on the receipt were these words: "Please say a prayer for me. Merry Christmas." And the initials "V. M. F." I asked the clerk who waited on me who had written on my receipt and he said, "It must be one of the cashiers upstairs." I never had a personal message written before on a receipt for a purchase in a store. I don't know who V. M. F. is, but a prayer was said, and the wish of Merry Christmas to me was appreciated. My own Christmas happiness was increased by this unusual incident and I hope sometime I may meet the writer.

* * *

I am writing these words on a day between Christmas day and New Year's day, so I cannot tell you about our Watch Night service or our first service of the new year. On the first Sunday morning of the new year I have always spoken on the word "Courage," but that Sunday is still to come.

The services of Christmas Sunday and Christmas eve are now beautiful memories. Christmas Sunday as far as the weather was concerned dawned with rain and sleet and the weather was very unkind all day long; yet in spite of it both services were largely attended. The mood of the season was prevalent throughout. Many of our students from colleges and universities were home. Several of the men in our military forces had leave and several elderly ladies who have been long-time members of our church and who are residents of the Vincennes Home, were present through the kindness of a friend who furnished transportation; and a spirit of joy pervaded the whole day. The morning congregation tarried for a long time, greeting old friends. Our chorus choir, with Mr. Bennett directing and Mrs. Bennett at the organ and Miss Green at the piano, presented inspiring Christmas music. In the evening we held our annual Candle Light service and Christmas play. The younger children of our church school, with their lighted candles, led the processional down the aisles of the church and opened the evening by singing some traditional Christmas carols. They then took their places in the front rows of the church on the main floor. The young people of high school and university age presented the play, "Song of Glory," by Ann Coulter Martens, under the direction of Miss Diane Havorka, who grew up in our church school, and is attending the School of Speech at Northwestern University. The play which they presented was a departure from the traditional Christmas play. The old and sublime truths of Christmas, however, were presented most effectively in a modern setting.

One of the few times when I am able to sit as an observer in our own church sanctuary is at this annual Christmas service. I sat in the last row of the mezzanine and was deeply impressed with the whole service. At the conclusion of the program I spoke briefly and gave the benediction. Everyone around me felt that our Christmas Sunday had been one which would enhance our own appreciation of Christmas day.

One entirely new feature of our Christmas season in the church is our opportunity of sending out over Uptown Chicago from our beautiful carillon Christmaas music. Every evening at 6:00 o'clock the thousands coming home in elevated trains and buses were greeted with lovely Christmas music. Every Sunday, morning and evening, and every weekday at 6:00 o'clock, another beautiful program is presented. The selections which are played are

made by our own Treasurer, Mr. Thomas A. Harrison. Mr. Harrison knows and appreciates good music and at one time played in an orchestra himself. I have not been able to hear too many of the programs, except on Sunday, but all that I have heard have been selected with remarkable good taste and appropriateness.

Christmas is always a nostalgic time for me, as it is for many others. In Christmas Present it is impossible not to think of Christmases Past, but we all turn our faces and our hearts now toward the Christmas-Yet-to-Come.

* * *

As I go about my work, lecturing and speaking, I run into all sorts of conditions. I have spoken in all sorts of places and sometimes I have thought some of these experiences would make an interesting book, if I ever could find time to write of them.

Recently I had one of the most interesting experiences I have ever had as a lecturer. I was invited to speak to the Woman's Club of Kohler, Wisconsin. The weather was good and I concluded to make the trip by automobile. The lecture was to be given in the Waelderhaus. On arriving at Kohler, I inquired for the location of the Waelderhaus and on arrival there thought that I had suddenly been transported back to far-off Austria, for the house is a memorial erected by Marie Kohler to her father, John M. Kohler. He as a boy of ten, came to this country with his father in 1854 from his home near Lake Constance in the province of Vorarlberg, Austria. The family there has been traced back in church records as early as 1624. They moved to Sheboygan, Wisconsin in 1871 and started the Manufacturing business which the family has since continued. The Vollrath family into which Mr. Kohler married had come to this country in 1845 from Germany and were manufacturers.

Herbert V. Kohler, one of the sons, in 1937 was united in marriage to Ruth De Young, well-known to all Chicagoans for her work on the Chicago Tribune. The whole history of this remarkable family and particularly the beautiful character of Marie Christine Kohler, is told in the November, 1943, edition of the Kohler News. I am sure if you wrote to the Kohler Company, Kohler, Wisconsin, for a copy, you would be tremendously interested in the work of Marie Christine Kohler. The magazine is beautifully printed and illustrated and speaks of her many humanitarian and cultural activities. The illustrations convey pictorially the events of her life and the things which she has left as a contribution to the betterment of society.

I had never visited Kohler until recently, but I shall visit it again, for one afternoon is altogether too brief a time in which to absorb the spirit and the culture and the beauty of Kohler.

On arriving at the Waelderhaus, where my lecture was to be given, as I stepped from the car and looked up, I saw a house of such architectural beauty, such solidarity of structure, I was immediately impressed.

This house was built by Marie Kohler as a memorial to her father and has followed out in its architectural design the house in which her father was born in Austria. On entering one immediately feels the atmosphere of a precious old home in far-away Austria. The furnishings, the wood carvings, the panelings—everything is faithfully reproduced. It would be unfair for me to attempt a description or to create for you the impression which I had. Furthermore, it would be almost impossible. As a part of this unusual building an auditorium is included

which is one of the most perfect from a speaker's point of view I have ever experienced. It is not the conventional type of auditorium. It is more like a very large living room.

Several hundred people were present. Mr. Herbert V. Kohler and other representatives of his fine organization honored me by being present. The Kohler Woman's Club is a federated club and is able to bring to Kohler some of the finest programs presented by Women's Clubs anywhere. They were an alert, responsive, receptive audience. Seldom have I spoken in a finer atmosphere or felt that the audience was more appreciative.

I was shown all about the building and it would require a whole edition of our magazine to exhaust all of its interesting aspects, the many mementos, replicas, reproductions and articles which it contains. The works of art are many and this house will remain as a great living, vital influence.

On a post card which conveys the picture of the exquisite stained glass windows, holding the three figures of Faith, Hope and Charity, Marie Kohler wrote these words: "Let us have faith, hope and charity in the years that lie ahead."

No words could convey more deeply and sincerely our hope for you and our church in the tomorrow of life than these words written by such a noble woman. Do not go anywhere near Kohler, Wisconsin, in your travels without visiting the Waelderhaus.

* * *

And now, to each of you, as we cross the threshold of 1957, may your highest hopes be realized and your dreams become realities. May we enter the new year together with courage, fortitude, love and kindness.

"THE WORLD AND AN UNWANTED BABY"

Sermon By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

CHRISTMAS SUNDAY
December 23, 1956

IS THERE anything new that anyone can say about Christmas? I've been listening to Christmas services across the nation since about six o'clock this morning—all kinds of services, all kinds of preachers, all kinds of interpretations, all kinds of attitudes — and I've been thinking, as I try to meet the responsibility of this Annual Christmas Sunday Sermon, which I am about to deliver, "Is there anything new that anyone could say about it?" When you think it has challenged the artists for centuries—that the most beautiful art in the world in its exquisite proportions of composition, delineation of the physical, human structure, the beauty of color has been centralized in an effort to portray the depth and the beauty of the event around which the whole Christmas Season revolves. It has challenged the creative genius of the ages!

It has challenged the sculptors who hold in their hands the chisel, and can take a piece of cold marble and almost make that marble breathe and give it a texture which is so faithful in its portrayal of human flesh that, in the dim light, the piece of marble seems to become a living, breathing thing! The character of Christ has challenged the sculptors of the ages! It has challenged the poets, the greatest poets of world literature since this event nearly twenty centuries ago—the poets of Greece, the

(*Continued on page* 10)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....In Memoriam
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EDITORIAL

I WONDER if it has ever occurred to you what a strange and unbearable thing it would be if we did not have time blocked off in terms of days and anniversaries. It occurred to me to wonder what it would mean if every day were just added on to another one, and then on and on—nothing in that endless series, no sudden jolt that would bring us to a consciousness that time is determined and marked off by a series of very definite mileposts. If we just went on living weeks and months and years, and there was no name for Tuesday, none for Wednesday, none for Thursday, no number for the first of the month or the last of the month, but only time, continuous and unending—if all we ever had was the rising and setting of the sun, the coming and going of the moon, the ebbing of the tides, and the constancy of the stars; if there was no way in which our lives could be definitely marked with certain boundaries—what an unbearable situation it would be. I don't think I would want to live in a world which had no birthdays, no holidays or holy days and where there was never a New Year's day, nor anything in our calendar called weeks, months, or years, but just a continuous procession of time, without boundary.

On this threshold of a new year, let us all take courage. Let us never compromise with life, or with the task ahead, no mattter how difficult. Hold hard to your standards of excellence and keep faith with the best! Some of the most beautiful personalities I have ever known have been those men and women who have refused to let adversity destroy them. Instead, they maintained self-respect, fineness and nobility; kept the sweet graciousness and gentility and practiced the amenities of life. Poverty may have been their lot and anxiety their constant companion, but the dignity with which they surmounted trouble was in itself a triumph.

This is a good hour to cast aside the past, like an old cloak, whatever that past has been. Do not let it tyrannize over you. Let the mistakes and the shortcomings and the failures of yesteryear bury themselves. They do not belong to you; they need not control you; they need not have power over you. It is not what a person *has* been, but it is what they have *become* that really matters.

Let this be a New Year in all that it implies.

"THE WORLD AND AN UNWANTED BABY"

(*Continued from page* 8)

poets of Rome, the poets of the Orient! The infiltration of the spiritual quality of this Child has even gone into the creative energies of a people who do not share the Christian tradition in any sense of orthodoxy at all! It is interesting to remember that the favorite hymn of Gandhi, who was not a Christian in the orthodox sense of Christianity at all, who accepted no creed and no dogma and no church of traditional ecclesiasticism, when, toward the end of his life with his charity and his love and his sense of brotherhood, he was asked by a missionary in India: "Gandhi, what is your favorite bit of music?", and Gandhi replied: "A hymn!" and that hymn was "In the Cross of Christ, I Glory."

This event so long ago in the history of mankind must have within it the peculiar and the particular qualities of the eternal! Only something that was eternal could touch the creativeness of man with such brilliant genius! It couldn't happen from a lesser motif! There is no great art without a great theme; there is no great picture without a great theme; there is no great poem without a great theme! Something of the eternal structure of man is in this theme! So I'd like to lift it away from the literalists who would try to explain the astronomical reality of a star which moved across the sky; I would like to lift it away from those who hover at the Baby's manger, concerned with that Baby's origin and how the miracle of a birth without joint parenthood should command the attention of the world; I would like to lift it away from the literalism and the materialistic emphasis that is frequently given by the pageantry of historic Christianity, and see it in the sheer loveliness of its beauty, its truth, its grandeur and its nobility!

When we stand and look at this Christmas significance from that angle fallibility of a book for my proof; I do verification for its divine structure! I do not ask that I accept the literal infallibility of a book for my proof; I do not ask that I answer the strange miracle of birth; I do not seek to have the confirmation in the theological dogmas of the Twelfth or the Thirteenth Century; I do not ask for the validity and the beauty of this birth and of this Child in the groove of the ordinary or the commonly accepted historicity of the fact! To me there is a significant, an extreme overallness to the influence of the fact on human history that cannot be explained by the intellectual limitations of the erudite, or completely explained by the academic prowess of the philosopher or the historian! The persistency of the impact of this lowly, humble birth upon civilization in itself affirms its divinity and affirms its God-like structure! It is only those who are tyrannized by the materialistic concepts of interpretation who cannot see the beauty of that! And what do we see when we see it?

Romance? No story in the world more romantic! Wonder? No story in the world based upon the fundamental concept of wonder like the story of this Child and his birth! Mystery? No mystery in the world that the mind of man has ever attempted to penetrate like the mystery of an obscure peasant family giving to the world, in poverty and, perhaps, in illiteracy, this Child! Mystery, in the fact that the mighty armies of the Caesars held all of the Roman Empire in their power! So powerful that one edict of Rome could

drive every member of the empire to be taxed! When a government has the power of universal taxation and can drive every person back to their lineage and their tribe and their home to be taxed, that country is powerful! The power to tax, it has been said, is the power to destroy and, indeed, it is! And there is no finer example of that in the history of government than can be found in the history of the Roman Empire! When the Roman Empire sent out to their own villages and their own tribes every citizen of that empire to be taxed, that power was the beginning of the death knell of their own power! And you cannot interpret history from any other point of view in connection with this event, and refuse to accept it as one of the divine processes of the pattern of God!

There is no finer example in all history that there is a divine pattern to history than you find in this Child—this Child, who never owned a home, who never had a bank account, who never wrote a book; this Child, who never was, probably, over a hundred miles from His birthplace; this Child who had no social prestige or family connections; this Child, who was repudiated and cast out everywhere He went, even from His own little village! When He rose to speak in the synagogue at Nazareth, they threw Him out of the synagogue; they cast Him out of every place He ever went! He was repudiated by the best of society and ignored by the prominent—He was considered a knave, a drunkard, a consort with harlots! He represented a life that was constantly cast out wherever He went until, finally, a cross! And from the very beginning of that life until the last when the superb soul left the body of the Christ, from that first until the last, there was always a Herod in His life!

The one brutal fact that is left out of the Christmas Story so frequently, as we make it merely a romantic portrayal of words and phrases and platitudes, is the fact that the moment this Child breathed, the power of Herod was after Him! Herod wanted to kill this Baby, and he did kill every male child under the age of two years! Roman soldiers beat their lovely brains into pulp thinking Herod could kill this Baby! And from that moment, straight to the agonizing moment of the cross, there was always a Herod after Christ! There is today!

There are countless Herods at work in the world that you and I live in! They're trying to kill and crush every hope and every dream of freedom and liberty that the soul of man has ever experienced—the Herods of today! Ask those struggling, tragic souls of Hungary in this hour; ask the Arabs, homeless and hungry; ask the Jewish people of little Israel; ask the people of China—ask the people of the world today about their Herods! They'll tell you that Herod is alive; they'll tell you that Herod walks the face of the earth today, trying to kill every lovely, beautiful hope of man! And Christ was the hope of man! And the paradoxical world in which we live is such that beauty and truth are always being assailed by ugliness and sin! This conflict is never ended but the truth they never learn is—Herod never learned it, and the Herods of the modern world have never learned it; someday they will—but the truth they've never learned is: Herods, if you want to kill Christ, love, truth, beauty, freedom, brotherhood—you must kill Him as a Baby! Don't you dare think that you can kill Him after a cross! If he grows into manhood and dies on a cross, it's too late, Herods of the world! You're late—much too late!

SCHOOL WITH A PHILOSOPHY

By GEORGE MURRAY

(This article appeared in the Chicago American, Wed., Nov. 28, 1956.)
Vienna (By Mail)—

IN Switzerland, halfway between Zurich and St. Moritz, there's a school with a philosophy. It's the Albert Schweitzer College.

It was started on the premise laid down by its spiritual founder, the noted physician-theologian of French Equatorial Africa. In his book, "The Decay and Restoration of Civilization," Schweitzer wrote:

> "A moral and ethical deterioration in Western man is traceable to the Industrial Revolution. Man must learn to live with and make productive use of progress to build a new civilization."

Prof. Hans Casparis, 60-year-old disciple of Schweitzer, got the idea for this college during World War II. A minister of the Evangelical Reformed Church, he served as a Swiss army chaplain.

He began working toward his school after the war. He studied England's educational system, then got a scholarship to study at the University of Chicago.

Three years ago he rented an old hotel building at Churwalden. He launched a summer seminar. The idea caught on. Fall classes opened. Now the coed school has a student body of 25.

Casparis, a lean inquisitive man of considerable humor, told me: "We teach the humanities, the Social and physical sciences, but we believe our real reason for being lies in our discussions of ethics.

"Our school day is long—twelve hours a day, five days a week. We spend a lot of time on questions we believe basic."

* * *

These questions are such as: Where are we going? What is man's responsibility to himself, to his fellow man, to his country and to the world?

The whole experiment is an attempt to find a Christian philosophy which will work in a materialist world.

The tuition of $675 a year, including room and board, might be expected to appeal to those not well-to-do. Some students are from wealthy American families. Everyone at the school must keep his room in order, must participate in common chores. Nobody seems to mind.

Casparis does his share of the work and teaches outside as well as at his own school. By teaching theology and Hebrew at the nearby Academy of Chur, he helps meet his own school's expenses.

Casparis' English wife, with a degree from the Sorbonne, teaches languages at the school and acts as mother to girl students. Three of their scholarly sons help out.

They have one other teacher, a Cambridge man who acts as headmaster besides teaching history of philosophy and history of religion.

A housekeeper-maid and a cook complete the staff.

Most students cannot afford luxuries. But skiing is free in winter, as is swimming in summer. Everyone seems happy.

The student body is about equally divided between men and women. Several married couples are among students. The school will take people up to age 35.

One girl graduate in political science from Cornell is among the seven American students this year. She came for one trimester, at $225. After a few days she decided to stay the whole year. She said:

"I never before heard of a modern school in which so much emphasis was placed on moral principles. Not organized religion, but just old-fashioned honesty and decency. You begin to feel it right away."

* * *

Casparis expressed astonishment at the way the students acclaim old-fashioned morality. He said:

"Apparently the world is ready for a return to some of the principles that guided our grandfathers. The top men in business have told me there is a place for a school openly teaching ethics and morals."

To show their support for the enterprise, though there's little money in it for them, lecturers come over daily from the nearby University of Zurich. They lecture in English and in German.

Most schoolwork is conducted in English, German and French are optional, but every student is expected to tutor at least one language.

Casparis' aim, he said, is to combine the democratic system of education developed at the University of Chicago with the best of the Swiss and English educational methods.

The school is housed in a single four-story building, on a plot about 100 yards square.

There's an emphasis on sports and gymnastics, the Swiss believing that a healthy mind can exist only in a healthy body. Teachers and students ski together.

It's an experiment which deserves success.

BOOK CHATS

LAWRENCE Schoonover, in *The Queen's Cross* (William Sloane Associates, Inc.) has written a fascinating novel around the life of Queen Isabella of Spain. This author is one of the youngest, most distinguished and popular historical novelists of our time. His novels are noted for their historical accuracy, and for their breathless speed of action. They have been read by millions and have been translated into seven foreign languages.

In this fascinating story of one of the magnificent women of history he has found his perfect heroine. We find that Isabella is singularly modern in her expert horsemanship (in a day when to ride a mule was more common); that she was modern in her liberal views (liberal for the times in which she lived); we who are inclined to think that women became what we call modern when they were granted equal suffrage will be surprised and astonished at the ways of Isabella, though she clung decidedly to what we call the "old fashioned" ideas as far as morals were concerned. Centuries ahead of her time as far as executive ability in women, with an amount of self-containment to be envied in man or woman, she was an excellent queen, who forced people to admire, respect and love her, not through tyranny, but through the sheer power of her sturdy character. She would have been a heroine well worth reading about even though she had not been a queen in an exotic age. Having been unquestionably one of the great queens in all

European history, a passionate and beautiful woman; a devoted wife who could forgive though she might not forget; a loving mother; a strong administrator and a military genius; she is not only well worth reading about, but Lawrence Schoonover, who has woven her life story into an historical novel, has given us a fascinating book which should not be overlooked.

* * *

Because Africa is more and more in the news, you might like to read *African Tempo,* published in 1951 by Exposition Press, written by Gladys Hight, of the Gladys Hight School of Dancing. When Gladys Hight goes traveling, she does not go as an ordinary tourist, but as a professional with her special interest in the dance. However, she is an intrepid traveler and an imaginative reporter. Her report of her African trip which lasted through six months, takes the reader with her from Dakar on the west coast, to Accra, on the Gold Coast, down to Leopoldville in the Belgian Congo, up the Congo River to a lumber camp, down to Johannesburg in the Union of South Africa, about 6,000 feet above the sea, where she found the flora like that of California. Everywhere she went she sought opportunities to witness the native dances. She learned one thing about the amazing difference between the Western concept of dancing and that of the black African. To the latter it is a vital part of his culture, religion, and social life. From babyhood the native is trained by adult dancers in preparation for the religious ceremonial dance of the circumcision which every African must undergo before he or she is officially a member of his tribe. These dances are a series of difficult, complicated movements which require perfect coordination and rhythm.

Mrs. Hight went always to the sections where the black people lived, went to the parks they frequented.

She went to the Kruger Reserve of about 8,000 square miles. She went to the beautiful city of Lourenco Marques, which is in Portuguese Mozambique, on the Indian Ocean. Durban was included in her itinerary. She speaks of its great beauty and how, from there she traveled 150 miles into Zulu land, where she saw kraals, little round grass huts surrounded by stockades. The cattle kraal is completely separated by a stockade from the grass huts. This kraal is believed to be a sacred place where the spirit of the ancestors linger. The blacks regard their cattle as rare treasures and take meticulous care of them. She entered the hut of the chief, which was opposite the main door of the cattle kraal. The doors were so small she had to enter on hands and knees. The wives, sons and chief workers all had separate huts. The author describes the dress of the people wherever she goes—also their undress in many cases. She speaks at great length of the amazing courtesy and hospitality of the people of Durban. Then, of Port Elizabeth on the southern tip of Africa she writes:

"From my room in the Elizabeth Hotel, I could look out of the huge window and see the winds playing on the beautiful Indian Ocean. I watched the porpoises in schools.

"At night, when the moon and stars were out, I could not sleep but arose and drank in the infinite beauty that stretched out before my eyes. I literally felt drenched in loveliness."

Mrs. Hight visited Oudts Horn, where are the ostrich farms and where she went into the Cango Caves in the Zwartberg Mountains and was amazed to witness the tame bat "Peter," who came at the guide's call and alighted on his shoulder.

Over on the western peak of South Africa at Capetown was another stop. She speaks of it as one of the beauty spots of the world. At the foot of Table Mountain, with sheer upright cliffs facing a deep bay, the eye and mind is staggered by the immensity of the scenery. She speaks of magnificent mountains, towering overhead, of a drive through the Constantia Valley with its glorious rich vineyards—of the valley being covered with fine old pines, walnut, eucalyptus, royal poinsettia, poplar, and weeping willow trees. "We returned home drunk with the beauty of the rich earth." She visited Paarl and Stellenboach, two of the oldest towns in South Africa, and the Kimberley mines.

Southern Rhodesia and Northern Rhodesia and the Victorian Falls in the Zambesi River were visited. Then there was an air flight from Salisbury to Lusaka and on to Nelda on the border of the Belgian Congo, and over Lake Tanganyika. She flew over the Zerengeti where she saw hundreds of wildebeeste and zebras and umpala. She was later told that it was illegal to fly as low as that plane had flown and that few people alive had seen what she saw that day. Mrs. Hight visited Nairobi in Tanganyika and met Sally Clark, regarded as a fine hunter, and went on a safari. She speaks of Mount Kilimanjaro in Tanganyika as being 19,000 feet above the earth, with the white drapery of its snow cap extending for thousands of feet to the timberland. It was in this region where a fierce rhino attempted to charge their truck.

Mrs. Hight speaks of the great change in the appearance of the natives as soon as they had crossed the Mountains of the Moon and were in back of them, virtually in the Belgian Congo. If they had flown a thousand miles she felt they might have expected such a change but not in just twenty-five miles.

She had a trip up the Nile in a very insubstantial looking boat. They had to drop anchor at night as the river was too shallow to travel safely in the dark. She had just fallen asleep when a stiff jolt awakened her. The boat had struck a hippopotamus. She threw on a robe, went on deck and saw bright, shining things moving in the water. As the water heaved about the boat she realized they were surrounded by hippos. "It was a marvel to me that they did not tip our boat over completely. . . In the east, the sun was casting gleams of amethyst, deep rose, and purple that blended into one another like the mysterious Northern Lights. In the distance on the shore, shadows of palm trees were occasionally visible, while mountains loomed far beyond. The hippos themselves fell silent. I rather like to think that even they were awed by the beauty of God's world."

Later, as their boat went up this part of the Victoria Nile, which is a great game reserve, they saw two lions stalk and kill a large crocodile. They saw baboons in the trees, and later on, when they came back down the river, the baboons were out of the trees, sitting in little groups as if holding a roundtable discussion. The hippos ran into the hundreds. They saw elephants grazing, and in some sections the shore was alive with crocodiles. They visited the Murchison Falls, having to walk up two and a half miles of rocky trail.

Mrs. Hight describes the "enchanted Forest" at Entebbe as a fairyland of glorious trees, with creepers crawling over them, wild orchids, lilies, tuberoses and ferns.

Mrs. Hight ended her trip by way of Khartum and Cairo. The entire book is reportorial and one has a very satisfactory sense of having been right be-

side her all the way, seeing the strange sights she sees, in jungle, on city street, at local fairs, or on the Nile. In closing we read: "It is difficult to think of Egypt as a part of Africa. When I was in Kenya or the Gold Coast, the people there spoke of Egypt as though it were some utterly foreign continent. And indeed it might well be. The civilization is completely different. The people have nothing in common. And above all, the contrast of desert and jungle, with the uninhabited spaces of the former and the animal-haunted paths of the latter, inevitably prevent even the imagination from considering them in the same way.

"As I sat in the giant TWA plane that would take me home to the United States after nearly a half-year in the mystery that is Africa, I was grateful that I had managed to visit that jungle land before it too succumbs to the white man's influence.

"In my mind, I could see the sinuous swaying of black bodies, the flashing of white teeth, the graceful and ferocious movements of wild animals, the dashing torrents of Victoria Falls and the imperceptible motion of palm trees all caught up in one gigantic picture that I would forever treasure of an Africa that will ultimately be no more."

Gladys Hight, noted dancer and prima donna, has been the director since 1920 of the widely known Gladys Hight School of Dancing in Chicago. Her dance groups have toured all over the world, and she has conducted special courses in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. Her book is a delight for the armchair explorer. She describes the bacchanalian sala dance of the Gold Coast, the bashasa, wamba, bekangi and bolanda dances and the Rockette-like precision of the bilene masua of the Ingunis, the dances of the Zulus, the Pondomises, and many more—and the ballet in Durban, too. She is an alert, objective American traveler.

Though published in 1951, the book interested me so much I felt our readers would like to be reminded of it. ($3.00)

FAITH AND HOPE

By MRS. HENRY A. MEHRLE

(The second paper in the "Reward Yourself" series of the Woman's Club was read by Mrs. W. A. Winbaugh. Someone put in a petition to secure it before we did, but it will be published as soon as we receive it. In the meantime we are here publishing excerpts from the third of these papers which was given on December 17th at the Christmas Party of the Club, by Mrs. Henry A. Mehrle.)

What more appropriate time than the Yuletide Season, when the hearts of men are so filled with the Spirit of Christmas—joy, happiness and good will—to give thought and expression to our subject! My encouragement was made greater when I remembered that every time we enter the sanctuary of our beloved church we are met with the words of William Ellery Channing:

"Live a life of faith and hope.
Believe in the mighty power
of truth and love."

Without this Way of Life there could be found no happiness and the soul of man would thirst, hunger and perish.

I shall make no attempt to define the meaning of the two words in our subject; although after consulting Webster, the supreme authority on

words and their meaning, I find synonymous with Faith: belief, credence, trust, and over all trust in God. With hope: expectancy and desire with trust.

To me, faith and hope, like love and mercy, are spiritual attributes of God; his gift to man; therefore undefinable, but boundless and eternal.

Throughout the entire world, in the heart of every child born, Divine Love has placed a glowing spark of Faith never to be dimmed, and a burning light of Hope which cannot be put out by all the darkness of the world.

At Christmas time what is more lovely to behold than the shining Faith in the sparkling eyes of a little child. Listening to the sleigh bells in the air, he knows that Santa Claus is on his way, with a pack filled with presents and toys for all little boys and girls who have been *good*. Well! just before Christmas all little boys and girls have been extra good. But what about that little boy we hear of in popular song —"No, I ain't got nothin' for Christmas and I won't get nothin' for Christmas because I'm *bad!*" Disappointment, regret and heartache, perhaps,—but shall we listen as to himself he reasons—"Shucks! I know I was bad sometimes, but not *all* the time. This is Christmas, ain't it? Who is awful bad at Christmas? Well, I guess I won't get nothin'—but maybe Santa Claus will get so busy fixin' up the presents and toys for the good kids, that he might just remember that *sometimes I was good,* and know that the other times, well, I'm sorry, honest. Now if he can just remember, maybe he'll come anyhow. Yes, sir, that's it —he'll come, I just betcha."

Trusting Faith in children is not alone confined to Santa Claus, but to Mother, Father, those they love, playmates, teachers, and also just to people —most people.

Only the other day I was "just people" to the heart of a child. I was about to cross the street when a little voice by my side said "Lady, would you take me 'cross the street?" I looked down at a tiny boy with his hand closed over a bit of paper in which was wrapped some money. I said "Of course I will, but where are we going?" He said "To the bakery, to get some buns." "Well, aren't you a very little boy to be going alone to the bakery?" "I guess I am, but Mamma said to wait when I got to the street crossing, 'cause somebody would come along and take me over." The trusting faith of a little child; and I was so glad to be that "somebody" who came along.

With so many demonstrations of the reward of Faith and Hope in the lives of all of us you may wonder why my theme seems to center itself around the lives of children. We are all children—God's children.

The stories told us in childhood leave lasting impressions and to me the story told in the Gospel of St. Mark of Christ stilling the tempest will remain unforgetable:—As the tempest came upon them, fear and panic took possession of Christ's followers and companions and they awakened him from a much needed sleep. They said, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" He arose, rebuked the wind and said unto the sea, "Peace, be still." And the wind ceased and there was a great calm. In the storms of life through which we all must pass, when fears and panic descend upon us, will he say to us as he did to them, "Why are ye so fearful? How is it ye have no faith?"

We must all grow up and leave the happy playtime of life and take our places along the Highway of Life, mingle with the throng and seek solutions to human problems. To some the way is easy; to some the rugged road

is hard to travel. To many the vicissitudes of life, misfortunes, disappointments, sorrows, regrets for things done and for things left undone are overwhelming and the load seems too heavy to bear. That little spark placed in our heart at birth flickers and seems to be growing dim. Only seemingly so, for Divine Love decreed it should never be dimmed. 'Tis then the burning light of Hope shines forth in all its lustre, and weary though we are it points our way to God. Has he not said, "Lo, I am with you always." So with lighter heart our load is taken up and we carry on until the final award of rest and eternal peace.

Faith and Hope remain our gifts from God. Faith is the key to the gateway of Heaven and Hope unlocks the door.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

THIS is the strangest Christmas-New Year holiday season I have ever spent. I say the strangest because normally one's emotions should be entirely joyful, except for the nostalgia of thinking of those members of the family who have gone on before. But this Christmas season, while a couple were visiting in my home (both of them very good friends of mine) one informed me that she was leaving her husband for good, and was going before Christmas. This was quite a shock, as I felt sorry for both of them and my emotions were torn this way and that. I couldn't understand anyone making that break just before Christmas. But then I remembered that sometimes I have seemed to do things the "hard way." The next emotional event that happened was pleasant, for a friend of long standing invited me to her wedding and to the wedding dinner. She is not a young woman and so all her friends were particularly happy that she should find this happiness in the mid-stream of life. The dinner was held in the 19th Century Club of Oak Park and was a very happy affair. The wedding took place in a lovely Lutheran Church in Cicero, the building having been just recently completed. Bride and groom were to leave for Pasadena, California, shortly after New Years.

One of my friends who was to have been at the wedding could not attend because of an auto accident, in which she had injured her ankle.

A few days after this happy wedding had left a pleasant glow in our hearts, word came that a couple had received the tragic, heart-breaking news that their 22-year-old daughter had been burned to death. So on the Monday before Christmas I went out to Wheaton to attend the funeral in St. Michael's Church, of a young girl who had sent word by wire on Thursday night that she would be home for Christmas, but to make no plans for her. The wire came from Dallas, Texas, where she had been living and working for the past year. Friday morning her father went to the telephone in answer to a call and was told his daughter had burned to death early that morning. The fire had come from a gas grate in the

wall of her room. There just couldn't be any more tragic event, it seemed to me, than such an occurrence, to one so young, who but a few hours before had anticipated coming home for Christmas. How the parents bore up under it as bravely as they did on that Monday I shall never know.

On the Sunday preceding this sad Monday, a friend and I had visited the home of the couple where the wife had just deserted and we left some Christmas tidbits to brighten up the atmosphere a little.

Well, Christmas finally dawned and that day was most pleasant, for I spent it with a wonderful family—the grandest couple I know, who have three lovely daughters. They live in a very modern and beautiful home in Roselle, Illinois, where the living room window extends the full width of the living room and looks out on a sloping ravine in a woods, with a little stream below. By the time all had assembled for the Christmas dinner there were twelve of us and the great big, handsome turkey was well taken care of.

My emotions had gone through such a series of experiences that when Wednesday morning came I was tired indeed, and though I had done no manual labor to speak of in all those days preceding Christmas, I came to work Tuesday with every muscle tired and aching. My emotions had gone through such mercurial jostling that it required some time for them to settle down to anything like a normal condition.

Wednesday I received the startling information that the friend of all of us in the Peoples Church, our own Grace Marsh had suffered a fall on Sunday and had broken bones in her shoulder and in her foot and was in the American Hospital at 860 W. Irving Park Boulevard, Room 306. Many of you readers will want to drop her a note or pay her a visit. She is sure to be at Room 306 for some little time. For any who do not know Grace Marsh, she has a letter service at 4554 Broadway and has for years gotten out the letters you receive from Dr. Bradley at Christmas and Easter, and has been a member of the Peoples Church much longer than has this writer. Her sister Martha is "holding the fort" at 4554 Broadway, and trying to keep Grace from getting lonely at the hospital.

I have decided that the more friends one has, the less placid life becomes. However, even Lake Michigan looks more interesting when the winds ruffle its calm now and then. The calm of the waters is pretty only by contrast with the surging billows of the storm-swept surface. We only see the deeper colorings when the waves and whitecaps interrupt the glassy waters of the deadly calm. Yet in the midst of the storm how we long for the peaceful harbors of life. So it seems to me that I could well appreciate a very calm and peaceful New Year. May it be a good and fruitful year of happiness for all, and for our country and the world.

* * *

Dr. Bradley was so interested in receiving this letter which came from Milan, Italy. The writer certainly does very well with his use of English: Dear Dr. Bradley:

Being the Christmas eve, I take the opportunity to send you my best wishes.

By mere chance I happened to pick up your "Happiness Through Creative Living," out of tens of books displayed on a bookstall located right in the street where is my office. It has been really a happy discovery. Many wise, helpful concepts I learned. Being actually a painter, I have always to turn inside myself. My mind has always re-

tained its right place for the problems of the spirit. I am very interested in the specific matter you treat.

I have to admit that the problems of our life are by you treated so plainly, so humanly and wisely as to present the reader, either the learned or the simple one, with a comprehensible philosophy which can lead to positive living.

I have no background whatsoever for properly reviewing your work, besides I am using words out of a language which is not mine. I can only simply say that I do esteem your striving for having men understand each other, for enabling men to build up positively solid bases on which their living is to depend.

Thank you, Dr. Bradley, for being one of my best teachers.

I will complete the acquaintance of you as soon as I am able to get the remaining books of yours.

Be this letter the token of my gratitude.

Pier Luigi Meynardi,
Via Ajaccio 1,
Milan, Italy.

* * *

Another evidence of the far-flung influence of the Peoples Church and the inspiring philosophy of its pastor is to be found in a part of a letter received this month:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Your talk this morning was of special interest, because I agree that our "old folks" are forgotten at times.

I have listened to your services since 1925. My husband listened also when he was living.

On my last trip to San Francisco in November, I met a delightful "grandmother," who was going out to see five of her grandchildren, as was I. During our conversation we mentioned church affiliations and she told me she was Jewish, but this seemed to make little difference, because when they are away, up in Wisconsin during the summers, they attend a Congregational Church because there is no synagogue in the small town. She also asked me if I ever listen to Dr. Preston Bradley, which she does quite often; she also told me that sometimes her son takes her to the Peoples Church. This I had to pass on, because you spoke along that line too, this morning.

Your sermons and prayers have been a great inspiration at times when I seemed to need it most.

Sincerely,
Myrtle G. Heppes.

* * *

We now take from the Mail Bag a letter from a dear friend of Dr. Bradley's, Dr. Louis L. Mann, Rabbi of Chicago Sinai Congregation, at 5350 South Shore Drive:

Dear Preston:

I don't remember mailing a letter to you immediately after your great kindness in coming to our Men's Club meeting. I do remember having dictated one, so I am writing again taking the chance to have written twice rather than not at all.

People are still talking about the wonderful talk that you gave, the manner in which you gave it, the great insight into what makes people "tick," and above all, the camaraderie after the lecture. There really is but one Preston Bradley—and that is you. Many, many thanks.

Ruth joins in the season's greetings to you and your dear ones.

Sincerely,
Louis

Dear Dr. Bradley:

This is a love letter. For years when I have had the pleasure and privilege of seeing you on the street to chat for a moment or listening to your inspiring talks, I have always left your presence feeling just a little better.

Too often in this world of pressures

that we live in, we overlook letting someone know that they have done something for us. After listening to you at Judge Braude's induction this morning, I felt it was time I wrote you this fan letter.

You said this morning that you envy the young and wish to see 21 again. May I say to you in all sincerity that you are about the youngest man I know.

Warmest regards.

Sincerely,

Lee Schooler

P.S. And this phrase, "the lure of Chicago," is a most exciting one. I was thrilled when I heard it used first by you at Leonard Hick's party and then again this morning. L.S.

Lee Schooler, the writer of the above letter, is one of the Senior Associates of The Public Relations Board of 75 E. Wacker Drive.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Just a note to express my personal thanks and the thanks of the entire Hicks family for the part you played in Dad's birthday party last week. The remarks you made were certainly one of the highlights of the program and I personally was very happy that you could attend, since Dad has always been very fond of you. I might add that that goes for the entire family.

Warm personal regards.

Sincerely,

Leonard Hicks, Jr.

Leonard Hicks, Jr., as our readers may know, represents many of the finest hotels in this country.

* * *

Someone sent in this little prayer poem:

I know not by what method rare,
But this I know, God answers prayer.
I know not when he sends the word
That tells me fervent prayer is heard.
I know it cometh, soon or late,
My part is but to pray and wait.
I know not if the blessing sought
Will come in just the guise I thought.
I leave all care with Him above,
Whose Will is always one of Love.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Having reached my three score and ten, I do not go out in bad weather, which isn't altogether a hardship, as I can listen to your broadcast.

Your plea for the old made me want to help a bit in your Christmas plans. I am enclosing a little money for that purpose. It isn't much, but if everyone who heard your broadcast this morning would do the same, the success of your program would be assured.

I am also enclosing a poem about the aged which your talk brought to mind. A friend in California sent it to me. God bless you in this work.

Most sincerely,

Irene F. Tripp.

* * *

Here is the poem she sent:

BLESS THE AGED

Most prayers are for the young,
O Lord. But this
Is for the aged. Grant them
growth of spirit
To compensate for other things
they miss.
And give them vision for the
merit
Of quietude. Let them enjoy
each day
That comes as fresh to age as
youth, a rose
Unfolding to maturity, the
way
The sunset paints the sky,
before it goes.
Give them some task that only they
can do;
A niche to fill as long as life
shall last.
The strength of mind to trade old thoughts
for new,
Yet save a time for dreaming of
the past.
And more important, Lord, than all
of these,
Someone who will love them
dearly—please!

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

NOVEMBER

1-3—Returning from Los Angeles
3—Wedding
4—Morning Sermon. Peoples Church
Opening Evening Sermon. Peoples Church.
5—Dinner Address. Management Club. Ryerson Steel Co., Lyons, Ill.
6—Funeral
Address. Imperial Suite, Conrad Hilton Hotel, 70th Birthday Reception to Leonard Hicks.
Appointment. Chicago American Photographer
7—Address. Woman's Club, Kohler, Wisconsin
9—Address. Town Hall, Ritz Theatre, Tulsa, Oklahoma
Address. Town Hall Luncheon, Mayo Hotel, Tulsa, Oklahoma
Visit at home of Richard Lloyd Jones, Editor & Owner, Tulsa Tribune
10—Funeral
Wedding
11—Morning Sermon, Peoples Church
Wedding
Evening Sermon. Peoples Church
12—Address. Executive's Club, Montrose Hotel, Cedar Rapids, Ia.
13—Address. Masonic Temple, Joliet, Ill.
14—Address & Wedding Ceremony, 50th wedding Anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Petru
15—Address. Central Lions Club, Bismarck Hotel
Address. Conference of Club Presidents & Program Chairmen, Fullerton Hall, Art Institute
Wedding
Attendance, Dinner and Bazaar, Peoples Church
16—Attendance, Dinner & Bazaar, Peoples Church
18—Sermon. Peoples Church. Presented by Rev. Harry Scholefield, of Philadelphia
Christenings
Wedding
Sermon. Peoples Church. Presented Dr. Dana McGraw Greeley, of Boston
19—Address. St. Marks Methodist Church, 62nd Anniversary.
20—Address. Induction of Judge Jacob Braude to Superior Court Bench of Cook County
Address. Annual Bosses Night, Jr. Assoc. of Commerce, Kokomo, Ind.
21—Address. Kokomo Lions Club, Kokomo, Ind. Address was broadcast over WIOU, Kokomo. Visited with Editor Kokomo Tribune, Mr. Richardson.
22—Sermon. Union Thanksgiving Service, Rev. Will and Rev. Newey participating.
Wedding
23—Christening
Address. Reception and dinner, Mrs. Glenn Frank, Casino Club
24—Funeral
Sick calls
25—Morning sermon. Peoples Church
Christening
Evening sermon. Peoples Church
26—Funeral
Sick calls
28—Two funerals
29—Funeral
30—Wedding
Cut three records
Address. Drexel Home for the Aged

WEDDINGS

3—Gail Graeff and Lee Francis
10—Gertrude P. Edmonds and Robert H. Lerman
11—Eileen Stephens and Anthony Stanton
14—50th Wedding Anniversary Frank J. and Anna Petru
15—Margaret E. Bergquist and H. Gordon Bergquist
18—Joy Gasquoine and Philip Steinbauer
22—Marcella Main and John Sobazek
30—Carol Dolce and Daniel Peters

FUNERALS

6—Dr. Otto Baumrucker
10—Mrs. Dovie C. Bond
24—Mrs. Margaret J. Heinz
26—Mrs. Helene Berggren
28—Idella Brakestone Micari
B. B. Felix
29—James Ireland

CHRISTENINGS

4—Lauren Kay Naslund, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Naslund
18—Robert Allen Jamgochian, son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Jamgochian
Gertrude Weinmann New (Adult)
23—Michael Harold Kuechenberg, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Kuechenberg
25—Scott David Hiraoka, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Hiraoka

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School ..... 9:30 a.m.
Rex Styzens, Director, Religious Education.
Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent
Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 to 12:00 noon
Morning Service Re-broadcast, WSEL, 104.3, F.M. Sunday..... 9:30 p.m.
Vespers Broadcast, WCFL..... 5:30 p.m.
Sunday Evening Service..... 7:00 p.m.
Opening Wednesday Evening Book Lecture—The first of a monthly series, Wednesday, January 9th, in the Church Auditorium, 24th Season, "The Nun's Story," by Kathryn Hulme..... 8:00 p.m.
Woman's Club—Monday, Jan. 7, Public Health Dept., Mrs. W. J. Springer, Chairman, will present Clifford T. Lyon, Founder and Past Pres. of Midwest Chapter of the Hemophilia Foundation. He will present a movie entitled "A Time to be Alive," and will speak on the problems of "Living With Hemophilia." The Red Cross will show a movie also on their work. Music by Mrs. George P. Hettinger, Pianist. Hostesses: Miss Mabel Byrnes, Mrs. Inez Zink, Mrs. Edith Booth and Mrs. Charles Roberts..... 1:00 p.m.
Monday, Jan. 21, International Relations Department, Mrs. L. E. McCloy, Chairman, will present Mrs. Clifton Utley, Director of the Institute of International Education. Mrs. Utley's subject will be "Avenues of Peace Through Exchange of Persons." Hostesses: Mrs. Lou Hangel, Mrs. H. A. Mehrle, Miss Nellie Dewey..... 1:00 p.m.
Professional and Business Woman's Club—Sunday afternoon Tea, Jan. 20, Mrs. Elizabeth Porter, Program Chairman, will present Miss Lucille Keve, Secretary, Division 2, Dale Carnegie Club International, who will show colored slides of her summer's trip to California and the Grand Canyon. Hostesses: Miss Ethel Robinson, Mrs. Myrtle Ryand, Mrs. Ann McPhail and Mrs. Jane Jones. The public is welcome..... 4:00 p.m.
Men's Club—Tuesday evening, Jan. 22, the Men's Club will hold an open meeting (ladies invited). Mr. Harlow D. Stevens, the President, will present Mr. L. E. McCloy, a member of the Board of Trustees, who will give his very popular lecture "A Historical Excursion Into the Land of Lincoln," with colored slides. Refreshments. Public invited. Guest fee 50c..... 8:00 p.m.
The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director. *In Memoriam.*
Channing Club for young adults. Announcements in church bulletins.
Choir Rehearsals—Every Sunday. New members welcomed.....9:30 a.m.
Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.
Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave. ..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.
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